Some of them had tears in their eyes. Not out of pity for Emma and me—we were strong people, more successful than others in that small group. But to them our decision to leave Europe was an admission of defeat. If we were conceding failure, how poor were the chances of other members of our circle?

The crossing of the Atlantic was rough, and I did my best not to think of the future. But Emma was confident that we were heading toward a new and permanent home.